

LITERARY TABLET.

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[No. 19.]

SELECTIONS.

Extract from an address delivered before the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, 15th April, 1807, by George Clymer, Esq.

If the contemplation of the pieces of exquisite workmanship, that encircle you, would of itself impart a knowledge, as it will an admiration of the art that produced them, you might expect something, in this address, upon its principles—Some indeed, there are among us, who have a professional acquaintance with such subjects—but these are few, and the rest, not particularly instructed, are, I trust, not inclined to supply the defect of science, by the affectation of taste, or the cant of connoisseurship; their business is not to offer the proofs of any present skill, but to lay the foundation, to furnish the means of the future attainment; and on this, none need apprehend the failure of success. No nation has the proud monopoly of genius, or can make itself its exclusive seat; wherever there are men, there genius is to be found.—Besides the universality of this grant of nature, instances sufficient are in evidence that we have not been omitted in the dispensation. Our country, it is true, has produced chiefly the bud or germ; for the development and expansion of the natural talent, with some very respectable exceptions, it has been as yet much indebted to the fostering care of some other. Hence in one of the most pleasing departments of the arts, a West, a Copley, a Stuart, and a Trumbull, who might have withered and declined in their native bed, by transplantation into a more improved soil, have arrived at the fullest growth of excellence. In this home establishment you provide what may make such excellence all your own—a school for study, a field for competition; and become, moreover, the instruments in diffusing a taste throughout, to ensure general encouragement, and particular patronage.

If your just pride should be excited, from this one consideration, not to neglect a child of your own, it may be no less piqued by another.

The visitors to us from the other hemisphere, before the era of our revolution, came to a new country, with dispositions to estimate us, more by our advance on the course, than by our distance from the goal; and they were pleased to find that in its nonage, it had proceeded so far in culture and refinement. Those of latter days, now that we have cut the cord of foreign dependence, and set up for ourselves, discover a very different humour. Overlooking or derogating from whatever is valuable or praise-worthy, aggravating some blemishes, and contemning

all things, in a new scene, which they have not the faculty to understand—instead of presenting a likeness of the country, they have disfigured it with a moral and physical caricature; inasmuch that the notion they have succeeded, in their books of travels, in impressing upon the too willing belief of the ancient world is, that it demands the hardihood of a Ledyard, or of a Mungo Parke, to explore the miseries of our wilderness, and to encounter the barbarity of our manners.

Witnesses of the diligent habits, and various enterprizes of the American people, they ascribe to avarice what is due to freedom, which always prompts the labours of man by the assurance it gives him, that the fruit is all his own; and they insist, with a wonderful harmony of detraction, that all our pursuits are selfish—and that going straight forward in one sordid path, there is nothing sufficiently powerful to allure us from it, either to the right hand or to the left.

Your effectual support of this institution, wherein no personal motive can be pretended, will be so far a practical contradiction of the libel, and prove its best refutation.

Nevertheless, objections will be made to your design, as a departure from accustomed simplicity—Between simplicity and refinement, or if you will, luxury, the question has been frequent and undecided; but if luxury be a consequential evil of the progress of our country, a better question, perhaps, it would be, how is it to be understood? Where an unrestricted, and unoppressed industry gains more than simplicity requires, the excess, as it cannot be pent up, will be employed upon gratifications beyond it—how retain the cause, and repress the effect? Philosophy and the laws would here teach in vain! where a constantly rising flood cannot be banked out, the waters should be directed into channels the least hurtful—so ought the exuberant riches, which would incline towards voluptuousness, to be led off to objects more innoxious—even to those of greater purity and innocence; those who will not pamper the senses, but rather amuse, if not instruct the understanding; and it may, with some truth be observed, that those who carry the whole fruit of an assiduous and successful toil to the common hoard of national wealth, undiminished by any waste of it, but on the few wants of simplicity, contribute with most effect to the refinement or luxuries, to which, in their practice, they seemed most averse.

Such being the consequence of a growing opulence, the alternative would be, not as between simplicity and luxury, but between the grosser and more refined species of the latter. Where is the room then, for hesitation in the choice?

But are our particular objects alone to be cherished? are none else worthy of our care? This is best answered by remarking, that ours are well suited to a voluntary society; that all the liberal arts are of a kindred spirit—kindling at each other's flame; that as members of the same family, they have a mutual sympathy and relation; naturally flourishing together; the best examples in poetry, eloquence, and history, being always contemporary with those of sculpture, painting, and architecture. In this institution you directly or indirectly promote them all.

The mechanic arts, we mean those of the more ingenious and elegant kinds, not failing of the inspiration, the workman in them is converted into an artist, and they partake of the common benefit. Every fashion, which always comes in as a beauty, and goes out as a deformity—fashion, on whose incessant change the judgment takes so little part, may be brought more under the dominion of taste, with her “fixed principles and fancy ever new.”

But a stronger incentive to second your original efforts remains—your interest in the national reputation. Men indentifying themselves with their country, take it with a salutary prejudice to their bosoms, and I trust not from this natural bias, for which we have the strongest pleas, but we have a pride in whatever tends, in the world's estimation, to exalt the character of our city, and that we congratulate ourselves on its numerous institutions, which regard our charities, our civil economy and police, and in extending in not a few to the interests of literature and the sciences—among which may be particularly distinguished the philosophical society—the very extensive public library—the museum, that spirited labour of an individual—and the enlarged medical school.

An establishment for the Fine Arts is now our principal desideratum, and perhaps more than all, in adding to its attractions, may contribute to determine the choice of the hesitating stranger to Philadelphia, as the desirable seat of reason and politeness.

A further doubt than what has been suggested, may be urged against your design. It is whether your country has reached that point of exaltation which calls for, or justifies it?

Let him who may suggest the doubt, bear this truth in mind, that every civilized and intelligent community, naturally rises in its condition, and that it is only from the defect of wholesome principles in the political association where this consequence is not perceived; it is indeed chiefly in arbitrary monarchies, in which the whole being is of less account in the eye of government, than the individual at the head, and the universal good held in

subordination to his peculiar interest, where his tendency is resisted or a country made stationary to retrograde.

The forms and objects of our various American governments are of this tendency, and when improved by experience, and ameliorated by time, they will, as we are bound to hope, be the guarantees of our growth and prosperity. But there are other contributory causes—a geographical position and figure, the most favorable to a foreign commerce; and to supply it, the double fertility of spring and autumn: so unusual to regions of our temperature, with a rapid agricultural improvement. An increase of population, unknown to any modern time, and now proceeding in an accelerated pace. Those, we may say, are the principles that as a nation have already carried us the full length of some, and those not the *least* considerable, of the European states—having seen their effect in part, we may prophecy the rest, that we are destined to a rank and station with the *most* considerable.

ORIGINAL LETTER OF BURNS.

FROM THE ANTHOLOGY.

GENTLEMEN,

To such as respect the warm, vivid genius, and lament the hard, cruel fortune of Burns, no apology need be necessary for printing, as it was never published in America, the following letter of the Ayrshire Bard, written to Francis Grose, while collecting materials for "the Antiquities of Scotland." I send it to you for publication, not because it displays in full and free exercise either of his discriminative powers of mind, for it neither melts to tenderness, nor charms to rapture; it neither glows with the breathing thoughts of pathos, nor beams with the burning words of fancy. It is however a letter of information, written, as such a letter ought to be written, in a clear, concise style; without eloquence to dazzle, without verbiage to weary.

If required to compare their characters, as Burns and Cowper appear in their respective letters, I should say, that Cowper always engages those feelings, which interest the reader in the fortune of the writer; but of Burns what should I say? I could only heighten the encomium, and say, that what Cowper with great labor does very well, Burns does incomparably better with no exertion. In Burns there is more of rustick honesty, more of frank, native politeness; in Cowper there is more of courtly sincerity, more of sly, acquired civility. Cowper plays upon the ear, he amuses, and instructs; Burns interests and delights, he steals into the heart. Burns always discovers "naked feeling;" Cowper, I am afraid, sometimes betrays "aching pride." Cowper is coldly liked—his fables are pitied; Burns is warmly loved, his vices are pardoned. We read Cowper, as a husband treats his wife, with affection mellowing to esteem; we read Burns, as a lover courts his mistress, with esteem ripening to affection.

Letter of Robert Burns to Francis Grose, F. A. S. concerning Witch-Stories.

AMONG the many Witch-Stories I have heard relating to Alloway Kirk, I distinctly remember only two or three.

Upon a stormy night, amid whirling squalls of wind and bitter blasts of hail, in short, on such a night as the devil would choose to take the air in, a farmer or farmer's servant was plodding and plashing homeward with his plow-irons on his shoulder, having been getting some repairs on them at a neighboring smithy. His way lay by the Kirk of Alloway, and being rather on the anxious look-out in approaching a place so well known to be a favorite haunt of the devil and the devil's friends and emissaries, he was struck aghast by discovering through the horrors of the storm and stormy night, a light, which on his nearer approach, plainly shewed itself to proceed from the haunted edifice. Whether he had been fortified from above on his devout supplication, as is customary with people when they suspect the immediate presence of Satan; or whether according to another custom, he had got courageously drunk at the smithy, I will not pretend to determine; but so it was that he ventured to go up to, nay into the very kirk. As good luck would have it, his temerity came off unpunished. The members of the infernal junta were all out on some midnight business or other, and he saw nothing but a kind of kettle or caldron, depending from the roof, over the fire, simmering some heads of unchristened children, limbs of executed malefactors, &c. for the business of the night. It was 'in for a penny, in for a pound,' with the honest ploughman: so without ceremony he unhooked the caldron from off the fire, and pouring out the damnable ingredients, inverted it on his head, and carried it fairly home, where it remained long in the family a living evidence of the truth of the story.

Another story, which I can prove to be equally authentic, was as follows.

On a market day in the town of Ayr, a farmer from Carrick, and consequently whose way lay by the very gate of Alloway kirk-yard, in order to cross the river Doon at the old bridge, which is about two or three hundred yards further on than the said gate, had been detained by his business, till, by the time he reached Alloway, it was the wizard hour, between night and morning. Though he was terrified with a blaze streaming from the kirk, yet, as it is a well known fact, that to turn back on these occasions is running by far the greatest risk of mischief, he prudently advanced on his road. When he had reached the gate of the kirk-yard, he was surprised and entertained, through the ribs and arches of an old gothick window, which still faces the highway, to see a dance of witches merrily footing it round their old footy blackguard master who was keeping them all alive with the powers of his bagpipe. The farmer, stopping his horse to observe them a little, could plainly descry the

faces of many old women of his acquaintance and neighborhood. How the gentleman was dressed, tradition does not say; but the ladies were all in their smocks: and one of them happening unluckily to have a smock, which was considerably too short to answer all the purpose of that piece of dress, our farmer was so tickled that he involuntarily burst out, with a loud laugh, "Weel luppen* Maggy, wi' the short fark!" and recollecting himself, instantly spurred his horse to the top of his speed. I need not mention the universally known fact, that no diabolical power can pursue you beyond the middle of a running stream. Lucky it was for the poor farmer that the river Doon was so near, for notwithstanding the speed of his horse, which was a good one, against he reached the middle of the arch of the bridge, and consequently the middle of the stream, the pursuing, vengeful hags, were so close at his heels, that one of them actually sprung to seize him; but it was too late, nothing was on her side of the stream but the horse's tail, which immediately gave way at her infernal grip, as if blasted by a stroke of lightning; but the farmer was beyond her reach. However, the unsightly, tail-less condition of the vigorous steed was, to the last hour of the noble creature's life, an awful warning to the Carrick farmers, not to stay too late in Ayr markets.

The last relation I shall give, though equally true, is not so well identified as the two former, with regard to the scene: but as the best authorities give it for Alloway, I shall relate it.

On a Summer's evening, about the time that nature puts on her fables to mourn the expiry of the cheerful day, a shepherd boy, belonging to a farmer in the immediate neighborhood of Alloway Kirk, had just folded his charge, and returning home. As he passed the kirk, in the adjoining field, he fell in with the a crew of men and women, who were busy in pulling stems of the plant ragwort. He observed, that as each person pulled a ragwort, he or she got astride of it and called out, "Up horrie!" on which the ragwort flew off, like Pegasus, through the air with its rider. The foolish boy likewise pulled his ragwort, and cried with the rest "Up horrie!" and, strange to tell, away he flew with the company. The first stage at which the cavalcade stooped, was a merchant's wine cellar in Bourdeaux, where, without saying by your leave, they quaffed away at the best the cellar could afford, until the morning, foe to the imps and works of darkness, threatened to throw light on the matter, and frightened their carousals.

The poor shepherd lad, being equally a stranger to the scene and the liquor, heedlessly got himself drunk; and when the rest took horse, he fell asleep, and was found so next day by some of the people belonging

* *Luppen*, the Scots participle passive of the verb to leap.

to the merchant. Somebody that understood Scotch, asking him what he was, he said he was such-a-one's herd in Aloway; and by some means or other getting home again, he lived long to tell the world the wondrous tale.

I am, &c. &c.

ROB. BURNS.

THE great art of exciting emotion consists in composing material or visible objects, to such as are intellectual, or existing only in the mind. Then it is that the soul takes a daring flight. It passes from the visible to the invisible, and enjoys itself in its own way, if I may use the expression, by extending itself into the vast field of sentiment and intelligence. Among certain tribes of Tartary, when a great man dies, his groom, after the burial, leads by the bridle the horse which the deceased had been accustomed to ride; he places upon him the clothes of his master, and walks him in silence before the assembly, which, by that spectacle, are melted into tears.

When those circumstances that are to be felt, not expressed, are numerous, and connected with some virtuous affection, the emotions of the soul redouble. Thus, when, in the *Eneid*, *Iulus* promises presents to *Nisus* and *Enryalus*, who are going in search of his father at *Palanteum*, he says to *Nisus*:

Bina dabo argento perfecta atque aspera signis
Pocula, devota genior quæ cepit Arisba;
Et tripodes geminos, auri duo magna talenta
Cratera antiquum quem Sidonia Dido.

LIB. IX.

"I will give you two silver pitchers, with figures in relief, of excellent sculpture. They became my father's at the capture of Erisba. I will add to these, two tripods of the same fashion, two large talents of gold, and an antique cup that was given to me by queen Dido."

He promises to these two young men, whom friendship had so united, double presents: two pitchers; two tripods as stands for the pitchers, after the usage of the ancients; two talents of gold to fill them with wine; but only one cup from which both were to drink. Again what a cup! Of this he boasts neither the material of which it is composed, nor the workmanship that had been bestowed upon it, as he did in the other presents: he attaches to it moral recommendations of much more value to the two friends. It is antique, it is not the prize of violence, but the gift of affection. Without doubt, *Iulus* received it from *Dido* when she thought to have married *Eneas*.

St. Pierre.

Dampier, to describe the banana, has compared it, when stripped of its thick and five-pannelled skin, to a large sausage; its substance and its color to fresh butter in winter, its taste, a mixture of apple, and of the pear called the *bon chretien*, or *good christian*, which melts in the mouth, like a marmalade.

CELIBACY.

Celibacy was always less respectable than marriage, and among many nations, it was attended with great inconveniences.

The Romans would not administer an oath, or receive as a witness, any person but what was married. The heathens detested the wrestlers, gladiators, musicians, and dancers, on account of their being single.

It was on the fathers of families that Cæsar bestowed all his favors. Augustus inflicted punishment on those that were unmarried. Lycurgus humbled, and otherwise punished single men. [Miscel. Lit.]

ORIGINAL.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

Miseries of Life.

THERE is no subject which has excited the attention of writers in every period of the world more than the miseries of life. Pain lies in ambush on every side; and misfortune stands hovering over us, even in the midst of our most flattering hopes.

In the dead calm of retirement and solitude, we find insufficient resources for our contentment; in the bustle and hurry of the world, we are sickened by the deception, treachery, and depravity of man; and wearied by the innumerable cares and perplexities of life. Our bodies are continually subject to disease; our minds tormented by inquietude, and gloom; and even in their widest ranges of enquiry, find sources of affliction, by discovering far beyond their reach, endless objects of desire. We see ourselves courted by interest, and forsaken by ingratitude; our enemies prevailing over us, and those, whom we love, daily sinking into the grave, and leaving us, aliens and strangers among the rising generation. The contemplation of the evils of life have been urged upon us, by some for a very wise and profitable end. They have presented to our view the uncertainty of prosperity and power, the vanity of pleasure; the emptiness of earthly grandeur, the difficult attainment of human excellence, and its short duration. In this way have they endeavored to divest our affections from the glittering follies of the world, from the tempting delusions of visionary enjoyments, to an enquiry after those objects which will produce a more sure and permanent felicity—a felicity, which will never cloy; which no vicissitude will interrupt; no duration weaken; which the envy of ambition can never reach; and the malice of revenge can never hope to impair. From the evils which surround us, from the cares which perplex, and the troubles that disturb us, from the tumults of society, and the disorders of the natural and moral world, an argument has frequently been drawn against the goodness and the mercy of God. If he love us, why will he torment us? If he regard us with compassion, why embitter our

days with sorrow? If he be willing to extend the arm of mercy to the children of affliction, why has he thrown us into an ocean full of rocks and quick-sands—into a wilderness of thorns and briars? Such is the language, with which the depravity of man has impeached the benignity of the Almighty. Such is the train of reasoning, by which the vicious in every age, have hardened their hearts against the compunctions of conscience, and deluded themselves and others to trample on the holy commands of Heaven. But if we for a moment, consider the dictates of reason and religion,—if we look into our own bosoms, and examine the dispositions of the heart, we shall find within ourselves, a sufficient source for all our misery, without impeaching the benignity of God.

All our passions are given to us, for a very wise and benevolent purpose; and so long as we keep them shackled by reason, they extend our usefulness and promote our felicity. But whenever we suffer them to rage unbridled and unrestrained, they drag us headlong into innumerable difficulties, and distresses.

Ambition may subvert nations, and overwhelm cities in blood; it may subject millions to slavery, and spread desolation through the world. But what is its reward?—Did a tyrant ever enjoy a calm quietude of mind, unalloyed by the dread of the assassin, and the stings of conscience; or the comforts of body, undisturbed by perplexing cares, and unfinished toils? Debauchery affords the gratification of a moment; but it brings in its train, a complication of disease, and imbecility of mind; it is the forerunner of poverty and contempt; it is the meteor which shines only to lure the traveller into a wilderness of thorns,—into a mire of every kind of filth and impurity. Dishonesty may for a time, succeed. But tricks, however artfully devised, or cunningly concealed will soon be discovered, and bring the knave to the halter or the gibbet. Cunning will never raise a man to eminence or respect. "Like bad money," says Junius, "it may be current for a time, but will soon be cried down."

It is, in truth, only by unceasing assiduity in the paths of virtue and morality, that men can find happiness, and prosperity even in the present life. Does a man walk humbly before God?—does he obey the precepts, and follow the example of our Savior?—does he conduct honestly and uprightly with his fellow men?—Such an one will find himself respected by the wise and good, and honored and entrusted by all. In prosperity, he administers from his abundance, to the cries of indigence and want; in adversity, he is followed by the prayers and compassion of those whom his bounty has relieved. In solitude he is never alone; in the tumult of the world, he is not haunted by insult or reproach. He bears elevation with calmness; and when driven by ingratitude, into the shades of obscurity, finds peace and comfort in the consciousness of rectitude.

SELECTED POETRY.

THE OLD BEGGAR.

DO you see the *Old Beggar* who sits at yon gate,
With his beard silver'd over like snow?
Tho' he smiles as he meets the keen arrows of
fate,
Still his bosom is wearied with woe.

Many years has he sat at the foot of the hill,
Many days seen the summer sun rise;
And at evening the traveller passes him still,
While the shadows steal over the skies.

In the keen blasts of winter he hobbles along
O'er the heath, at the dawning of day,
And the dew-drops that freeze the rude thistles
among,
Are the stars that illumine his way!

How mild is his aspect, how modest his eye,
How meekly his soul bears each wrong!
How much does he speak by his eloquent sigh,
Though no accent is heard from his tongue.

Time was, when this Beggar, in martial trim
dight,
Was as bold as the chief of his throng;
When he march'd through the storms of the
day or the night,
And still smil'd as he journey'd along.

Then his form was athletic, his eyes vivid
glance
Spoke the lustre of youth's glowing day!
And the village all mark'd in the combat and
dance,
The brave youngster still valliant as gay.

When the prize was proposed, how his foot-
steps would bound,
While the MAID of his heart led the throng;
While the ribbands that circle the May-pole
around
Wav'd the trophies of garlands among.

But love o'er his bosom triumphantly reign'd,
Love taught him in secret to pine:—
Love waisted his youth, yet he never com-
plain'd
For the silence of Love—is divine!

The dulcet-ton'd word, and the plaint of def-
pair,
Are no signs of the soul wasting smart:
'Tis the pride of affection to cherish its care,
And to count the quick throbs of the heart.

Amidst the loud din of the battle he stood
Like a lion undaunted and strong;
But the tear of compassion was mingled with
blood
When his sword was the first in the throng.

When the bullet whizz'd by and his arm bore
away,
Still he shrunk not with anguish oppress'd;
And when victory shouted the fate of the day,
Not a groan check'd the joy of his breast—

For his dear native shore the poor wanderer bled,
But he came to complete his despair;
For the maid of his soul was, that morning a
And a gay lordly rival was there! [bride,

From that hour, o'er the world he has wand-
er'd forlorn,
But still love his companion would go;
And tho' deeply fond memory planted its thorn,
Still he silently cherish'd his woe!—

See him now, while with age and with sorrow
oppress'd,
He the gate opens slowly, and sighs!
See him drop the big tears on his woe-wither'd
breast,
The big tears—that fall fast from his eyes!

See his habit all tatter'd, his shrivell'd cheek
pale,
See his locks, waving thin in the air;
See his lip is half froze with the sharp cutting
gale,
And his head o'er the temples, all bare.

His eye-beam no longer in lustre displays
The warm sunshine that visits his breast;
For deep sunk is its orbit, and darken'd its rays,
And he sighs for the GRAVE's silent rest!

And his voice is grown feeble, his accent is
slow,
And he sees not the distant hills side;
And he hears not the breezes of morn as they
blow,
Or the stream thro' the low valley glide.

To him all is silent, and mournful, and dim,
E'en the seasons pass dreary and slow;
For affliction has plac'd its cold fetters on him,
And his soul is enamour'd of woe!

See the tear which, imploring, is fearful to roll,
Tho' in silence he bows as you stray;
'Tis the eloquent silence that speaks to the soul,
'Tis the star of his slow-setting day!

Perchance, ere the May-blossoms cheerfully wave,
Ere the zephyrs of SUMMER soft sigh,
The sun-beams shall dance on the grass o'er his
GRAVE,
And his journey be mark'd—TO THE SKY!

EXTRACT

From Scott's *Lay of the Last Minstrel*.

So passed the day—the evening fell;
'Twas near the time of curfew bell;
The air was mild, the wind was calm,
The stream was smooth, the dew was balm;
E'en the rude watchmen on the tower
Enjoy'd and blest'd the lovely hour.
Far more fair Margaret lov'd and blest
The hour of silence and the hour of rest.
On the high turret, sitting lone,
She wak'd at times the lute's soft tone;
Touch'd a wild note, and all between,
Thought of the bower of hawthorns green;
Her golden hair stream'd free from band,
Her fair cheek rested on her hand,
Her blue eyes fought the west afar;
For lovers love the western star.

Is yon the Star o'er Penchryst-Pen,
That rises slowly to her ken,
And, spreading broad its wavering light,
Shakes its loose tresses on the night?
Is yon red glare the western star?—
O, 'tis the beacon-blaze of war!
Scarce could she draw her tightened breath,
For well she knew the fire of death!

The warder view'd it blazing strong,
And blew his war note loud and long,
Till, at the high and haughty sound,
Rock, wood and river, rung around:
The blast alarm'd the festal hall,
And started forth the warriors all;
Far downward in the castle-yard,
Full many a torch and cresset glar'd;
And helms and plumes, confus'dly tossed,
Were in the blaze half seen, half lost;
And spears in wild disorder shook,
Like reeds beside a frozen brook.

The Seneschal, whose silver hair
Was reddened by the torch's glare,
Stood in the midst, with gesture proud,
And issued forth his mandates loud—
"On Penchryst glows a ball of fire,
And three are kindling on Priefthaugs wire,"
&c.

THE STORM.

'TIS pleasant, by the cheerful hearth, to hear
Of tempests, and the dangers of the deep,
And pause at times, and feel that we are safe;
Then listen to the perilous tale again,
And, with an eager and suspended soul,
Woo terror to delight us;—but to hear
The roaring of the raging elements,
To know all human skill, all human strength,
Avail not; to look round and only see,
The mountain wave incumbent, with its weight
Of bursting waters o'er the reeling bark—
O God, this is indeed a dreadful thing!
And he who hath endured the horror, once,
Of such an hour, doth never hear the storm
Howl round his home, but he remembers it,
And thinks upon the suffering mariner!

[Southey's *Madoc*.]

PARODY.

I love that drum's re-echoing sound,
Parading round and round and round,
To me it tells of martial deeds,
Of tented fields and neighing steeds;
Of British standards wide unfurl'd,
Defying still a threatening world;
Of hearts elate, and hands prepar'd,
The blessings we enjoy to guard.

I love to hear that cheering drum,
Which strikes the pallid Frenchman dumb;
It calls to mind the glorious blaze
Of Edward's and of Henry's days;
Of Egypt conquer'd, Acre's height,
And Bonaparte's disgraceful flight:
Still may we hear the glad some sound,
Till Bonaparte bites the ground.

INSCRIPTION FOR A BOWER.

Thou, whom the sacred love of sweet repose
From the vexatious cares of busy life
Hath won, with confidence approach this Bower!
Abstracted from the follies, guilt, and woes,
That haunt too oft the crowded scene of strife,
Here may'st thou pass the calm, the blameless
hour,
While dripping rocks their limpid stores
distil;
And with a gentle, soul-composing sound,
Into the vale descends the murmuring rill;
And birds their blended song pour thro' the
shades around.

HANOVER, (N. H.)

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